

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

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Messrs. J. & S. Anderson, New York.
June 27, 1845. 41-1f

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HALL & AUSTIN'S BUILDING,
Wilmington, N. C.
June 13, 1845. 39-ly

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75 HHDs. Cuba bright retelling do.
10 do. Porto Rico Sugar,

5 do. N. Orleans " "
12 barrels Porto Rico "

250 BBLs Coffee; Cuba, Rio and Lagaira,
8000 pounds N. C. Bacon, assorted,

50 HHDs. Western Sides, of prime quality,
50 bbls. Mess Pork,

75 " Prime do.
20 kegs N. C. Lard,

10 BBLs. " do
175 kegs and Jars prime Butter,

150 BBLs. Superfine Flour,
15 half bbls. Canal Flour,

350 BBLs. Maryland Oats,
15 bbls. American Gin,

120 Whiskey,
BBLs. Apple Brandy,

190 " do. " do
34 " do. " do

1 BBL. Supperong do
20,000 Spanish Cigars—various brands,

50 CASKS fresh best Rice,
40 bbls. purified Lard Oil,

15 do. refined Whale do.
30 boxes Adamantine Candles,

20 half bbls. " do
35 boxes " do

50 BOXES manufactured Tobacco—various kinds,
200 GRINDSTONES—assorted,
350 kegs Dupont's Powder—assorted,

10 SALES Rockfish 4-4 Shivering,
1000 R. O. hhd. Staves—dressed.
Jan. 11, 1845. 43-1f

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

"Whose bullet on the night air sang."

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an aid-de-camp from the commander-in-chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. The General in chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected as if in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me than he waved his hat as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat, waited for his commands.

"You are a native of this country."
"Yes, your Excellency."
"You know the road from M'Conhey's ferry to Trenton, by the river and Pennington—the by roads and all?"

"As well as I know my own alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.

"Then I may have occasion for you—you will remain with the staff; and that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieut. Archer," he added, smiling, as the fiery beast made a demijolve, that set half the group in commotion.

"Your Excellency—"
"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger cut short the sentence. "I see the heads of the column are in motion, you will remember, and waving his hand, he gave the rein to the steed—while I fell bewildered in the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march anything but pleasant. We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country, by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with anticipation of victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the last detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity of the scene. The night was dark, wild, and threatening, the clouds betokened an approaching tempest, and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eye the increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brow to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow into my face, and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate looking houses only were in sight, and they now jammed with a crash together and floating slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can better be imagined than described, for, the utmost exertions could just prevent the frail structures from being crushed. Occasionally a stray life would be heard whistling over the waters, mingling feebly with the fierce piping of the winds, and upon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the neigh of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoners beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below, as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant, a band of the regiment struck up an elevating air, and plunging my rowels into my steed, I whirled him around in the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.

It was now ten o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback, to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree, the attack shall take place—General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington—let us arrive as near 8 o'clock, as possible. But do not pause when you reach the outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now gentlemen to our posts. In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of our troops to come up to the enemy, was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, when the long threatening storm burst over us. The sight was intensely cold; the sleet and rain rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks, and the wind shrieked, howled and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity, and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying round and round, sweeping away on the whistling

tempest far down in the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket—were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued to march in profound silence, increasing as we drew near the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy, as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope for a successful surprise. Nor were those sufferings light. Through that dreadful night, nothing but the lofty patriotism of freemen could have sustained them. Half-clothed, many without shoes, whole companies without blankets, they yet pressed heavily on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again.

The dawn at last came; but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with the sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The fields that we passed were covered with wet spongy snow, and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness but few such foreboding scenes. At this instant a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were driven upon them.

"Forward—forward!" cried Washington himself galloping up to the head of the column, "push on, my brave fellows—on!"

The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack, as their General's voice, seconded by a hasty fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly in silent eagerness, towards the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the woods the scene burst upon them.

The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemed bared in repose. The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen however, fleeing a moment through the mist—he was lost behind a clump of trees, and then reappeared, dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt but that he was a messenger from the outposts for a reinforcement, and it suffered to rally once we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he left we now turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly in disorder before our vanguard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their reeling faculties; and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated, rallied, pointed in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on continentals of the—," shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still forebore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By Heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of half a mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day is our own."

"Charge that artillery from a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to the right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily to the mouth of the cannon, and before the artillery could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy were seen endeavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted the Commander-in-Chief—"charge them before they can form—follow me." The effect was electric. Gallant as they had been before, our brave troops now seemed carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst up to a cheer at the sight of their Commander's daring, and dashing into the town carried every thing before them.

The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in five minutes were flying pell-mell through the town—while our troops, with admirable discipline still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards before the banners of Sullivan's bri-

gade were seen floating through the mist ahead—a cheer burst from our men, it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, the whole regiment we had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe having surrendered, every unmanly exultation had disappeared from the countenances of our troops. The fortune of war had turned against their foe, it was not the part of a brave man to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an aid-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly.

"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."

Quick as thought the Commander-in-Chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking hastily around the troop of officers, singled me out.

"Lieutenant Archer, you know the roads. Colonel C—, will march his regiment around and prevent the enemy's retreat—You will take them by the shortest route."

I bowed in humble submission to the saddle bow, and perceiving the Colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retiring foe could be seen through the intervening trees; I had chosen a cross path, which, making as it were the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point, where the two roads intersect was short but fierce. We had already advanced, and although the enemy pressed on with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead, a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe, and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters as the aid-de-camp to Col. —, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory at Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia, and we were hailed every where as the saviors of the country. The drooping spirits of the colonies were reanimated by the news; the hopes for a successful termination of the contest once more aroused; and the enemies, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder towards Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed since then, but I shall never forget the Battle of Trenton.

EUROPEAN INTERFERENCE.

FROM BRAZIL AND THE RIVER PLATE.

The day before the departure of the St. Louis from Rio, advices had reached that place of the entire failure of the attempted intervention on the part of England and France, in the affairs of the river plate. It is said that on the rejection by Gen. Rosas of the ultimatum sent in, the English and French ministers would retire to Montevideo. In the meantime the naval forces of the allied powers had taken possession of the Buenos Ayrean squadron off Montevideo; and Gen. Oribe, commanding the besieging army of Gen. Rosas, had received notice to retire from the Banda Oriental.

Great excitement prevailed in Buenos Ayres, and it was supposed England and France would be brought into open collision with the Argentine republic. During the negotiations at Buenos Ayres, the American Charge, Mr. Brent, had offered his mediation. The offer was accepted by Gen. Rosas, but declined by the English and French ministers, on the ground that the Charge was not instructed or authorized by his government.

The United States brig Perry, Commander Payne, sailed in company with the St. Louis. The frigate Raritan, Commodore Turner, arrived from Montevideo the evening previous to the departure of the St. Louis.

The frigate Brandywine, Commander Parker, would remain at Rio a few days, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Everett, our minister to China, who had not decided whether to proceed in the Columbus, or return to the United States in the Brandywine. The disease with which Mr. Everett was afflicted, though of a painful and distressing character, was not considered dangerous.

The Argentine Republic and the Allied Monarchies.—The following from the Salem (N. J.) Gazette confirms the above:

"By a letter from Rio, received in Salem, with the perusal of which we have been favored, we have intelligence from Buenos Ayres to the 25th of July. The English and French ministers had left, Rosas having refused all their propositions. The Buenos Ayrean squadron had been captured by the English and French, and Oribe

had been warned to retire from Montevideo."

We copy the above notice of a transaction, which most of our journals have seen fit to chronicle without one syllable of comment. Disturbances have arisen between two or three of the independent states of South America. They have resulted in actual hostilities. These hostilities have been conducted so far as we have heard, according to the laws of civilized war. Meantime, a large squadron of British and French vessels has been lying in the waters of one of the belligerents; and now it appears that, without notice or explanation, or rendered reason, this neutral squadron, availing itself to the fullest extent of the right of the strongest, has quietly taken possession of the naval force of Buenos Ayres. What apology or justification has been, or will be, or can be made out for this high-handed outrage, we are yet to be informed. Every principle of national law, and every sentiment of national civility, unite in its condemnation. As a monstrous violation of the duties which national hospitality imposes on those who receive it, this act of an armed European force, done while lying in the harbor of a friendly power, seems to us almost without a parallel.

But, in another light, it challenges yet more serious attention. It is on its face an attempt by France and England to set matters right between independent powers on this continent, by the strong hand. M. Guizot's doctrine—of late become somewhat famous—of a balance of power in America, to be adjusted and trimmed at will, and at arm's length from the other side of the water, is now something more than a theory. The allied powers, it seems, are beginning to put it summarily and promptly into practice. Such elements of this character—armed interferences by European powers in the affairs of this continent—cannot be noted too early, nor frowned upon too sternly, nor repressed too soon. It is the duty, as we believe, of the people of the United States, to make the national voice heard on this subject, in tones which admit neither of doubt nor misconception. "Obsta principiis," is the maxim alike of efficiency and of prudence. We know not that the interests of our country have been directly compromised in this high-handed proceeding; but every interest of every independent nation of this continent, is deeply compromised in the principle which it involves. Every instance like this, of British or French interference—giving ground, as it does, for serious apprehensions—enhances our appreciation of the policy and the principles which are now predominant in our national councils. While these continue to prevail, no European aggression, whether coming in the shape of dictation or of armed interference, will be suffered to touch the interest or tarnish the honor of our country.

[Some reference is made in the above article to Alexander Everett, Esq., our commissioner to China. He suffered much at Rio Janeiro from the complaint to which he has been long subjected, and had some thought at one time of returning to the United States from that port, in the Brandywine, (Com. Parker.) But the Brandywine has returned to the United States without him; and it is supposed he has gone on upon his mission to China, in the Columbus.]—Union.

From the Philadelphia North American—A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.
Messrs. Editors.—The sad and melancholy end of the young man who presented a few days since, the forged check at the counter of the Pennsylvania Bank, made a deep impression on the minds of those who read the account of his arrest, imprisonment and death. All the circumstances were adapted to awaken sadness and sympathy. The history of that young man has not yet been disclosed. The public know not the circle of friends that has been filled with anguish and shame by that rash and fatal step. That young man most obviously, was not a hardened reprobate. He had not been addicted to gross profligacy and vice. Perhaps, this was the first act of villainy he had attempted, and this, from all the circumstances that have transpired, I am persuaded was not the prompting of his own mind, but the consequence of yielding to the enticements of the wicked. He was made the dupe of unprincipled wretches, who prowl about, seeking victims to immolate upon the altar of vice and sin. Those men who were seen watching the success of the dreadful experiment he had been induced to make, led him on to ruin. Such an atrocity a little before, he would have shuddered at the thought of committing. His education, his habits and his early principles made him detest crime. Parental solicitude had often warned him of the machinations of the wicked. But in an evil hour, he was tempted to take the first wrong step. He lent his ear to the destroyer—he was contaminated and ruined. Young man, let me counsel you as a friend, to beware of the enticements of the wicked. One wrong step may blast

your reputation, and make you an outcast and render you miserable forever. How many cases of the utter ruin of young men are spread before us, affecting illustrations of the dangers that beset their path! The first wrong step taken, and no human discernment can foresee the fearful issue. A young man, interesting as the one who has just gone to a dishonored grave, was importuned by his father to forsake his evil ways. But alas, he had gone too far to be influenced by the pleading of parental love. Roughly and recklessly, he said, let me alone, for I am resolved on my course, and all your entreaty is perfectly useless. So saying, he dashed from the presence of his father, resumed his accustomed habits with a desperate intensity, and in a few days was a self-immolated victim upon the altar of folly and sin.

Another young man, who was besought by his weeping, heart-broken wife to have no farther intercourse with a class of men, who are sharpeners by profession, and who had already nearly affected his ruin, replied, "let me alone," and tearing himself from his once loved home, proceeded with hasty strides to the rendezvous of the gambler, when after playing deeper than he had intended, and drinking deeper also than he had suspected, was induced by a banter to stake all that he possessed upon the issue of a single game. The result was against him. And when he awoke from his reverie, and reflected upon what he had done, how foolishly he had beggared himself, and thrown his wife and helpless babes penniless upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world, it was more than he could bear, and he sought an alleviation from the horrors of a guilty conscience by rushing unbidden into the presence of his Maker.—Young men, beware of the wicked. Beware of the first wrong step. A. R.

GENERAL JACKSON'S MARRIAGE.
This event in the history of General Jackson has been often alluded to, but the circumstances attending it are very little known. The subjoined narrative is from a eulogy delivered at Natchez:

Miss Rachel Donelson, the daughter of Col. Donelson, of Virginia, had been celebrated for her gaiety, affability and sweetness of disposition. Her father emigrated to Tennessee, and, dying, left her an orphan. She formed an unhappy matrimonial connection with a morose, jealous, and dissipated character by the name of Roberts, who soon abandoned her.

The difficulty was again up, and the wedded pair came together again; soon after which Andrew Jackson became a transient boarder in the same house where Roberts and his wife were residing. A second rupture soon occurred, and Roberts left his wife and went to Kentucky. Learning that he intended returning and taking her there, and dreading his inhumanity and bad treatment, she determined to seek an asylum in Natchez, beyond his reach. Natchez was then the Oregon of America. In the spring of 1791 she came here with Col. Starke, and his family. At the earnest request of Col. Starke, Gen. Jackson piloted his family through the Indian country. After his return, Judge Overton communicated to him the astounding intelligence that he was the unconscious cause of the last separation; that it arose from Roberts's jealousy of him; and the circumstances of his accompanying Col. Starke, to protect his family from the Indians, had been seized upon by Roberts as a ground of divorce, in a petition to the Virginia Legislature.

The thought that an innocent woman was suffering so unjustly on his account made Gen. Jackson's sensitive mind most uneasy and unhappy. He immediately sought out Roberts and expostulated with him on the injustice and cruelty of his causeless suspicions; but the interview ended in mutual defiance. At length news came that the Virginia Legislature had actually granted the divorce in accordance with Roberts's petition. Forthwith Andrew Jackson hastened to Natchez, and offered his hand and his heart to the innocent and amiable woman, who had been made so unhappy by false and unfounded accusations. He came to Natchez, to give the world the highest evidence he could give of his innocence.

Although free to form a new connexion, Mrs. Roberts declined the proffered offer. But Andrew Jackson was not to be outdone. He addressed her in the language of Ruth to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die and there will I be buried." A promise which he literally fulfilled in refusing the sarcophagus of the Emperor Alexander Severus, that he might be buried by her. At length, after some three months, Mrs. Roberts, being convinced that the civility which prompted the proposal had become associated with genuine love, accepted the offer, and they were married in this city or its vicinity, and returned to Tennessee. On arriving there, finding that the divorce had not gone through all the forms required by the laws of Virginia, at the time of their marriage here, the ceremony was again performed there.

What's O'clock?—An intelligent traveller in Ireland recently remarked one peculiarity of the people. He says, every peasant I met asked me the same question, namely: what time of day it was. An Irish gentleman betted a dozen of us with an English officer, that he would run from Cork to Mallow on a market day, without being once asked this question—and won, too—simply by putting the question himself, before any other person could do so.

A western editor begs his patrons to pay up their dues; and says he is "too ragged and muddled to be seen out of his own village."